

PSYCHO

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A SEYALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

NO 12
MAY 1973

...THIS IS A
PLACE OF
LUNATICS!

-WHERE WE
GO ON A
"LUNATIC
PICNIC"

-WHERE THE
HEAP BECOMES
A RAVING
MADMAN!

-WHERE THE
MANIACAL
"MAD-DOLL
MAN"

COMES TO KILL!

WE BID YOU
ENTER THIS...

ASYLUM
ISSUE!

WELCOME TO THIS
ASYLUM OF HORRORS...



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**STUDIES
IN
HORROR**

IN SWORDSMAN-SARN

**THE WEIRD
WAY IT WAS**

**LUNATIC
PICNIC**

**THE
MAD-DOLL MAN**

*Welcome
to my asylum*

*...welcome...
...to the
Asylum
Issue...*

*...wherein lunatic picnics,
a weird swordsman
and a mad-doll-man
creep about laughing
and snickering over
insane tales
of the archaic macabre...*

...this is the...

**Psycho
Asylum**



NUMBER 12 MAY 1973

...WHAT IS THIS?

...WHAT ON EARTH IS THIS??

A DOLL? A WALKING
CORPSE? DOLL??
...NEED IT IS AS IT
APPEARS... FOR THIS
MADICAL IMAGINATION
ALMOST BREATHE IN
ITS ASTONISHING
MECHANICAL INTRICACY
...EVEN ITS BLACK
HORRIBLE AND INHUMAN
EYES SEEM TO RIP
INTO THE NIGHT AIR AND
GLARE AS IF
POSSESSED...

...BUT THIS DOLL - IF
THAT IT BE - IS POSSESSED
...POSSESSED BY A MADMAN
NEARBY WHO NOW AWAITS ITS
ARRIVAL NOW... THE PLACE:
EAST BERLIN... THE TIME: NOW
...THE STORY: LUNATIC...

...THE TITLE?

THE MAD-DOLL MAN

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

BY
HEWITSON AND GUAL





...THERE ARE **MANY** WHO WOULD BROKE THE TYRANNY OF THE EAST GERMAN COMMUNISTS... WE CAN GATHER THEM TOGETHER... ON A CERTAIN NIGHT SOON, WE CAN HAVE THEM ALL BOARD A TRAIN FOR INNOCENT PURPOSES... THAT TRAIN HAS AN ADJOINING TRACK TO WEST BERLIN AT THE END OF THE LINE... IF YOUR DOGS CAN OVERCOME THE MANY ARMED GUARDS ABOARD WE WILL SAWGH THROUGH THE FRONTIER INTO THE WEST...

...DO YOU THINK IT CAN WORK HERE HUNTER?...

...IT IS **MADE** ENOUGH THAT IT JUST **ABIGHT** HERE MAAS...



...WHERE IS HERR SPIEGEL P

I DO NOT KNOW-- I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE HE BOARDED THE TRAIN...

I AM SUSPICIOUS...

...I DID NOT SEE HIM BRING HIS **PANNEY** ABOARD...

DO YOU THINK THAT...



...SPIEGEL... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

...YOU...

...AND YOU MAAS... WILL PROBABLY EITHER GO TO THE **SALT MINE'S** OR BE **SHOT**...

...AN OFFICER WHO IS A **TRAITOR**? YOU WERE SUCH A FOOL TO BELIEVE THAT SO **PROUD** A **GERMAN** AS I WOULD EVER **DEFECT** MY COUNTRY... **NO**... I ADVISED THE AUTHORITIES OF YOUR PLANS AND I WAS GIVEN PERMISSION TO LET YOU **CONTINUE**...

...YOU SEE MAAS, WHAT YOU HAVE DONE? YOU HAVE **DRAISSED** AS OTHER PERSONS INTO THIS **CRIMINAL ACTION** WITH YOU...







WHAT DO WE DO NOW? WE CANNOT GET PASSED THE NEXT STATION...

...I DO NOT SEE WHY NOT...

...WE WILL SIMPLY CONTINUE WITH OUR PLAN RRR WAAG... IT IS A GOOD PLAN

"THE DOLLS WILL CLIMB UP TO THE ROOF OF THE TRAIN BETWEEN THE CARS..."

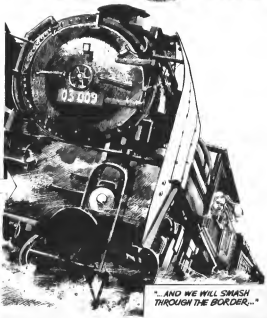


"...THEY WILL OVERCOME THE GUARDS..."

"...OVERCOMES THE DRIVER OF THE LOCOMOTIVE..."



JOEY CARROLL





...IN WEST BERLIN, WEST GERMANY, THIS MORNING
MANY PEOPLE CELEBRATED THEIR LIBERATION AND
FREEDOM. THEY DID NOT STOP TO WONDER, AS
DID ONE MAN, HERR FELIX MAAS, OF A STRANGE
AND MAD KIND OF DEATH - THE DEATH OF SEVERAL
SHAPED NATIONALITIES, AND THE MAN OF WOOD
WHO PULLED AND JERKED THEIR MAD PUPPET
STRINGS... THE MAD-DOLL MAN...
...NOW DECEASED...

...FINIS...

...THERE ARE NO SATURDAY-MUNDAY CROWDS IN THIS PLACE...IT IS QUIET...ONLY THE HAPPY SOUNDS OF THE GIBBLING GIRL; THE MANICALLY HALF HUMOROUS WICKED LAUGHTER OF THE BOYS... THE WHISPERINGS BETWEEN THE MOTHER AND FATHER...ARE HEARD BY THOSE WHO WISH TO LISTEN...



...IT HAS BEEN YEARS SINCE THE MAN AND WOMAN HAVE FELT SO FREE--SO AWAY AND ALIVE--AND TO BE SO COMPLETELY AWAY FROM CITY-DAY-TO-DAY DRUGGERS MAKES THEM FEEL ROMANTIC... THEY WANT TO BE ALONE AGAIN TO CONSIDER LOVE-THOUGHTS...



BUT STILL THE CHILDREN ARE NOISY... NOT BOTHERSOME-- BUT THEY ARE THERE--AND TO MAKE LOVE MOST PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD DESIRE A MUCH PRIVILEGED PRIVACY...

HEY KIDS... C'MERE A MINUTE...YOUR MOTHER AND I WANT TO SAY SOMETHING...



...YOU HAVING A NICE DAY...

OH YES MOMMY... I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYPLACE LIKE THIS BEFORE...

YOUR MOTHER AND I ARE GOING FOR A WALK... WE'LL JUST BE GONE A LITTLE WHILE...

YOU'RE GOOD...

VANESSA-- YOU'RE THE OLDEST... YOU'RE IN CHARGE... KEEP THEM IN LINE HUH?

YES DADDY...

WE'LL ONLY BE GONE... A LITTLE WHILE...

A LITTLE WHILE IS WHILE ENOUGH TO START OUR SALE...OF THE...

LUNATIC PICNIC

...THE MOTHER AND THE FATHER WALK SILENTLY,
EACH HAND CLUTCHING AND KNEEDING THE OTHER
...BEHIND THEM THE 3 CHILDREN PLAY WITH THEIR
BAT AND BALL... CHASING THE MOMENT...KEEPING
IT WONDERFUL...



JANESSA SWINGS HER ARM IN
CIRCLES--SPINNING ANOTHER
FAST ONE AT JACK--THIS TIME
HE SEES IT COMING...FLIES AT
IT SMASHES IT...



BUCK RUNS AFTER THE BALL... JACK RUNS
PASSED BY WHO'S NOW SKETCHING A
STALLION IN THE DIRT, PASSED WOODY WHO
RIPS INTO ANOTHER ROOT BEER... SKIDS INTO
HOME PLATE AS JANESSA SCREAMS AT NICK
WHO'S STILL CHASING THE BALL...



...THE LINE-UP FOR THIS GAME IS HARDLY NATIONAL LEAGUE... BUT BACK IN VALLEY STREAM, LONG ISLAND, THIS GROUP WILL CHALLENGE ALL COVERS...
 ...VANESSA STANDS ON THE PITCHER'S PLATE... FUCKING HER WRISTS, DRYING HER BRA, WIPING UP...
 ...SID SITS AT FIRST BASE, FIDDLING WITH THE DUST, DRAWING STICK-FIGURES OF HIS FAVORITE COMIC-HERO... **CAPTAIN AMERICA**...
 ...YOUNG WOODY GUARDS 2ND, GUZZLING ROOT BEER AND THINKING... HE DOES A LOT OF THINKING FOR A KID HIS AGE...
 ...THERE IS NO THIRD BASE IN THIS GAME...
 ...JACK'S UP AT BAT, REHEARSING HIS SWING... HE ALWAYS FEELS INSECURE ABOUT HIS GAME... HE **SHOULDN'T**--HE'S A POWERFUL HITTER...
 ...LITTLE NICK JUST STANDS ROUND--WAITING FOR HIS TURN AT BAT... IT'LL COME... IN THIS ODD GAME THE POSITIONS OF PLAYERS CHANGE EVERY TIME SOMEONE HITS A BALL...
 ...STRANGE GAME... BUT THAT'S THE WEIRD WAY IT'S PLAYED...









...HALF A MILE AWAY... UNDER A TREE, THE PARENTS HEAR THE PAINTFUL SCREAMS OF THEIR CHILDREN...



...FEEL THE RUMBLING OF THE GROUND BENEATH THEIR FEET AS THEY RUN...



WHEN THEY REACH THE PICNIC SIGHT THEY FIND THEIR CHILDREN GONE...



...AS THEY REACH THE TOP OF THE HILL THEY SEE THE LAST LAPPING OF THE EARTH AS IT LICKS ITS LIPS...

THEY SEE THE EARTH'S TONGUE HIDICULOUSLY SLITHER BACK INTO ITS MUDDY MOUTH... FEEL IN THEIR STOMACHS THEIR CHILDREN BEING DIGESTED INTO INTESTINES THAT WEAVE WITH CRUSTS OF BROWN DIRTY FLESH WHILES DEEP... IT HAS NOT BEEN A *NICE* PICNIC THIS DAY FOR JOHN AND MARSHA... NOW AS THEY TURN AND LOOK AT EACH OTHER, THINKING THE SAME THOUGHTS THEIR MINDS ARE GIVEN OVER TO LUNACY...

...AND BENEATH THEM THIS OLD LYING GRAY EARTH HEAVES AND BELCHES... BURPS THE BURP OF DEEP SATISFACTION... IT HAS BEEN A *NICE* PICNIC...

... looking for somewhere WEIRD to VACATION this year? ... Perhaps we'll do the SALEM Massachusetts CHAMBER OF COMMERCE a foul injustice by writing about that fair town the weird way it is ... but ... YOU DEMANDED IT ...

The Truth Behind The Horrors Of Salem

article and photographs by Alan Hewetson

SALEM in 1973 is a quaint and quiet little town on the Atlantic coast, nestled around Palmer's Cove and Derby Wharf, where there is no sign of the day-to-day HYSTERIA that complicated the infamous WITCHCRAFT TRIALS of 1692 ... Salem in 1692 was a town of UNMATIC and BRUTAL HORRORS ... in this year 34 innocent people were HANGED or BURNED for supposedly practicing the BLACK ARTS ...



SALEM is filled with HISTORY ... the people of the town have kept and restored all their early colonial buildings and artifacts. In nearby GLOUCESTER, medieval HAMMOND CASTLE looms over the Atlantic, now a weird museum presenting the history and oddness of the early days in this area, before the American Revolution. The SALEM WITCH MUSEUM presents 17th century New England in an old macabre light through the recreation of sets portraying witchcraft from its early beginning to the witch TRIALS and EXECUTIONS. The famous original HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES is in Salem, where weird writer NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE lived and wrote his masterpiece of HORROR. The WITCH HOUSE is a sad memorial to the awful terrors, and is wretchedly restored to remind everybody of the dreadful TRUTH ...

... and the TRUTH ... is more VILE, and more HIDEOUS, and more WICKED than GENUINE WITCHCRAFT could ever be ...



AT SALEM THE TERRIFIED VILLAGERS IMAGINED THEY SAW EVIDENCES OF THE EVIL WORK OF WITCHES ON EVERY HAND!



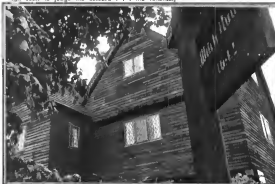
... the TRUTH is ... that in those early colonial days almost EVERYBODY believed strongly in the actual existence of weird demons, witches, and the macabre powers of Satan worship. These SUPERSTITIONS were passed from generation to generation and could be traced directly to the black MIDDLE AGES in EUROPE ... in 1680 several puritan ministers began to INVESTIGATE the HISTORY of WITCHCRAFT in NEW ENGLAND ... COTTON MATHER, in 1689, published a book about the

black witches titled, "THE WONDERS OF THE INVISIBLE WORLD" which so frightened its female readers in DANVERS, a village near SALEM, that they believed THEMSELVES to be BEWITCHED ... they acted oddly and when questioned by the village pastor, declared that certain AGED persons were WITCHES who had cast SPELLS on them ... this was BELIEVED and the notion became horribly WIDESPREAD to the surrounding area ... only the BRAVE and the STUPID dared venture out



come night ... when the 'witches' would 'assume the shapes of ANIMALS and prowl about on SINISTER ERRANDS' ... Since the witches were thought to be OLD HAGS many OLD and FRIENDLESS women were charged with trumped-up ACCUSATIONS and were flung into JAIL ... the witch hunt at SALEM ceased such a CONTROVERSY that the GOVERNOR appointed a special high court to judge the accused ... the fanatical,

hysterical and totally UNFOUNDED ravings of the 'bewitched girls' were ACCEPTED by the court, and there were mass convictions ... many made false 'confessions' hoping for 'mercy' from the law ... DEATH was by HANGING ... During 1692, THIRTY-FOUR innocent persons were SACRIFICED as a result of the WITCHCRAFT DELIRIUM ...



the WITCH HOUSE in SALEM is a brutal reminder to present day residents of the vicious and senseless WITCH TRIALS of 1692 ... when DOZENS of people lost their lives as the result of the IMMATURE HYSTERICS of a few young girls ...

... the weird writer NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE now lies with his family in a graveyard in nearby LENOX. Hawthorne's tales of the MACABRE are CLASSICS and should be read by anyone who is a serious student of HORROR... examples are THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, THE SCARLET LETTER, the TOLL GATHERER'S DAY and TWICE TOLD TALES...



... after everything was finished everybody was ASHAMED of what they had done, and set aside a day for public mourning and made gifts of money to the HEIRS of 'THE VICTIMS'... but it was to EASE their own CONSCIENCE... there were no two ways about the NATURE of the TRIALS... it was MURDER... it was MOB RULE... it was the most FLAGRANT and BLATANT EXAMPLE of ABSOLUTE STUPIDITY, INHUMANITY, and TWISTED MORALITY in the HISTORY of the COLONIES... save for the SAME puritan colonists' ARROGANCE, RACISM, and MURDER of the AMERICAN INDIAN during that SAME period (it was they who taught the indians the vicious obscenity known as 'scalping'; a custom the red man had never even HEARD of)... THIS... is the TRUTH behind the MYTHS about SALEM...



THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, is a CLASSIC American novel... it is also a very REAL place, as residents of SALEM well know. Occupied for a time by the weird 19th century gentlemen of the macabre, it was this strange manse that was the inspiration for the novel that has chilled MILLIONS since its first publication in 1853...



...THIS IS ROOMAN STERLING...

...HE OWNS PERHAPS THE WORLD'S **ODDEST** COLLECTION OF **MACABRE PAINTINGS** WHICH HE DELIGHTS IN SHOWING YOU FROM TIME TO TIME... EACH PAINTING IS A KIND OF A STORY... AND EACH TALKS MACABRE AS THE MAN 'STERLING' HIMSELF...

...THIS, BY WAY OF AN INTRODUCTION, IS TO START OUR TALE...

STUDIES IN HORROR

GOOD EVENING LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN OF WATERLOO
VEN 433



...THIS...
IS **THE SLITHER-SLIME MAN**... BY
NIGHT HE WOULD RISE FROM HIS COFFIN TO
CLEANS THE WORLD OF **EVIL**...

...IN TRUTH FACT... HE WAS ACTUALLY A
LUNATIC CORPSE, WHO FOUND IT AS
HARD TO DEFINE GOOD FROM
BAD AS LIFE FROM DEATH...



WELCOME TO
MY **GALLERY**... WARREN
ARE **MAD** AND **AWFUL**
PARODIES OF STRANGE
RARELY-HEARD-OF
HAPPENINGS AND TOTALLY
LUNATIC REPRESENTATIONS
OF THE **WORLD** AM
THINGS ARE...

...THIS PAINTING IS
TITLED, **'THE ASYLUM
OF FROZEN-HELL'**...
THE STORY BEHIND THIS
ONE IS **WEIRD**...

...A JOURNALIST-TEAM DISCOVERED AN
OTHER WORLD LUNATIC IN CAVES HIDDEN
SOMEWHERE IN THE ARCTIC... A **PRISON**
FOR OTHER **LUNATICS** FROM HIS OWN
WORLD WHICH HAD FORGOTTEN HIM AND
LEFT HIM ON OUR EARTH ALONE WITH HIS
PRISONERS TO **ROT**...



...HOW JUST BEFORE I AM
FORCED TO GO... LET ME SHOW YOU
ONE MORE PAINTING... THIS ONE IS
ENTITLED **'IT SCREAMS'**... THE
MAD STORY BEHIND THIS IS ALSO
ABOUT LUXURY... A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG
GIRL IS THROWN INTO A MACABRE
ART AND DEVOURD BY OBSCURE
CREATURES WHICH DEFY DEFINITION...



...OUR FIRST
PAINTING TONIGHT
IS CALLED 'THE
SKULL FOREST OF
OLD EARTH'...

BEHIND THIS PAINTING IS A WEIRD
STORY... CONCERNING... THE BIRTH OF THE
EARTH... WHEN A COLONY OF SPACE-SETTLERS
TRAVEL THE UNIVERSE TO ESTABLISH A LANDING-
PARTY ON EARTH THEY BECOME VICTIMS TO THE
AWFUL 'SHOGGOTH'S' WHO AT ONE TIME
DOMINATED OUR PLANET... ONLY ONE
SURVIVED... A CHILD... WHO MATED WITH AN
APE AND... WELL, YOU MIGHT GUESS THE REST.

I TAKE GREAT
DELIGHT IN SHOWING
YOU MY COLLECTION OF
WEIRD PRIZES...
INDEED... I MIGHT
VENTURE TO SAY THAT
WELL, IT IS THE ONLY
SUCH COLLECTION
IN THE WORLD...

I LIVE FOR THESE
RARE OCCASIONS WHEN
I CAN COME TO YOUR
HOMES AND SHOW YOU
THESE PRIZES...
WITHOUT THIS
OPPORTUNITY I SHOULD
HAVE VERY LITTLE
REASON FOR **LIVING**...

ALAN HENNINGSON

THE
JELLA
ROSA

...AND THAT IS *IT* POLK.
I'VE ENJOYED OUR VISIT...
...AND I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN.

...NEXT TIME
YOU VISIT MY
GALLERY...



THE WEIRD WAY IT WAS



WHAT KIND OF MADNESS IS IT,
WHAT MANNER OF *UNNATURALITY* IS IT WHEN
A MAN WALKS DOWN A STREET AND
IS CONFRONTED BY ABOMINATIONS
HARDLY NAMEABLE... HARDLY *REAL*...

...FOR THE CROWD THAT GATHERS AROUND
THIS LUNATIC SEEM NOT TO NOTICE THE
BEASTS THAT STALK THE STREETS. THEY
SEE ONLY HIS MIND... BENDING... SCRAPING
THE SIDEWALK... REACHING FOR SOME
KIND OF *REASON*...

... AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...



WHY IS IT
NOBODY
SEES THEM?
ONLY ME... CAN
IT BE THEY
AREN'T REAL...
JUST MY
IMAGINATION?

FREEEEPLLEE PROOOPL
FREEEEEEP

WHY DOES
MY HEAD ACHE
SO... AS IF
SOMETHING
GNAWING...
TUGGING AT
MY BRAIN!



THEY'VE GONE
INTO THIN AIR!
IT MUST BE MY
MIND!

PEOPLE STARING AT ME...
LIKE I'M SOME KINDA
WEIRDO. GOTTA GO
HOME... GET SOME
SLEEP!



GOOD TO
GET HOME...
TAKE A
SHOWER...
GET SOME
HARD-EARNED
SLEEP!



GOOEEPL! FREEEEEEEEPLE! FRAAAAAOOOOLE!

NO...
NO...
NOT
AGAIN!

HELLO...
WHAT'S
THIS? A
HOLE...

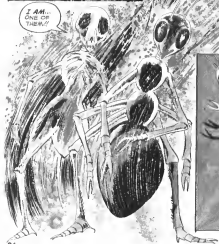


MUMPH! A HINGE...
AND A POOR
ATTACHED!

GOOD
LORD.



WHAT HAVE I
STUMBLED UPON?
IT MAY BE
IMPORTANT... A
TOMB OR
SOMETHING...





THE PLACE
OF MY
BIRTH!

I MUST
RETURN!
THEY AWAIT ME...
UNDOUBTEDLY
WITH BAITED
BREATH!

THE INFORMATION
FOR WHICH I SEARCHED
ON THE SURFACE
WILL BE MADE
PUBLIC IN MY
WORLD!

INFORMATION
THAT ONLY I
COULD OBTAIN!
FOR ONLY I
AM A SCOUT
IN MY WORLD...

TRAINED
TO GATHER
INFORMATION,
WE NEED
TO MAKE
OUR PEOPLE
HAPPY!

...AND HAPPINESS,
AS WAS OFTEN BEEN
SAID, IS THE
ABILITY
TO
CONQUER!



AND NOW I
RETURN TO MY
FAMILY-- MY PEOPLE--
SO THAT THEY CAN
PREPARE TO BE
CONQUERERS...

TO
CRUSH THOSE
SEMI-HUMAN
CREATURES
WHO DWELL
ON THE
SURFACE OF
OUR WORLD!

AND THEN, WE
ALONE SHALL BE
THE MASTERS OF
THIS GROTESQUE
GREEN EARTH!

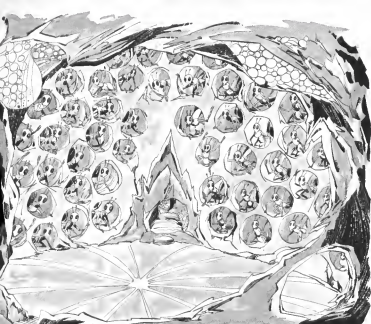
IDIOT!

WHERE HAVE
YOU BEEN...TO
THE ACCURSED
SUMP? YOU WERE
SENT ON A SIMPLE
SCOUTING EXCURSION...
AND YOU'VE BEEN
GONE NINE
YEARS--

NOW
YOU STAND
BEFORE ME
LIKE A
WHIMPERING
SIMPLETON!
SPEAK!

I...APOLOGIZE...
TO HIS...HIGHNESS!

DON'T DRIVE!
SPEAK! WHAT
HAVE YOU
BEEN DOING?



MY ADJUSTMENT
TO EARTH LIFE
WAS TOO GOOD!
I BECAME ONE
OF THEM...
FORGOT MY
ORIGINS! I
EVEN... I EVEN
FORGOT ABOUT
MY MISSION...

AND THE CROWD CHEER HIM LIKE A
CONQUERING HERO! HE IS WELCOMED WITH
OPEN ARMS BY HE-WHO-IS-HIS-MASTER... BY
KING REDDPUTOO HIMSELF!

FORGOT
ABOUT
YOUR
MISSION...
YOU MEAN
YOU
HAVEN'T
COMPLETED
IT?

OH YES SIR... YES
I HAVE! IT WAS
COMPLETED LONG
AGO! AS SOON
AS I RECOVERED
FROM MY RELAPSE--
SO TO SPEAK--
SURE-- SO I CAME
BACK IMMEDIATELY
...IMMEDIATELY.

MY NAME IS
LEONARD...
DID YOU
HEAR ABOUT
THE...

LEONARD? WHO CARES...
SHUT UP AND LISTEN TO THE
DOT WHO HAS FINALLY
RETURNED TO US...

AND FIRST SCOUT MUSCLEY BRIBB DOES NOT
HANG HIS HEAD... HE IS THE PROUDEST MAN IN
HIS KINGDOM! HE HAS COMPLETED HIS TASK
WITH GREAT DISPATCH AND HONOR...

AT THE COMMAND OF
YOUR KING, THE ORDER
OF **CALL TO COUNCIL**
HAS BEEN ISSUED! IT
IS YOUR PRIVILEGE,
IDiot, TO ADDRESS
YOUR PEERS... TRY
NOT TO BOTHER THIS
UP, EH?

I AM HONORED
TO REPORT... **AUGUST**
GATHERING... THAT
MY MISSION WAS
COMPLETELY
SUCCESSFUL!! I
HAVE ALL THE
INFORMATION WE
NEED TO **CONQUER**
THE SURFACE
WORLD!

WE'LL GET
ON WITH IT
THEN...

EARTH IS RUN
PITIFULLY... BY
CHILDISH PEOPLE
WHO CANNOT EVEN
LIVE TOGETHER IN
PEACE! THEY MAKE
WAR ON EVERY
CONCEIVABLE LEVEL...
FROM PETTY EVERY-
DAY SQUABBLES TO
FULL SCALE
HOLOCAUST
EVERY FEW
YEARS!



THEY ARE A
CHILDISH LOT WHO
DISLIKE EACH OTHER...
EVEN MEN AND WOMEN
WHO SOMETIMES **LIVE**
TOGETHER IN WHAT IS
CALLED MARRIAGE -- EVEN
THEY OFTEN HATE EACH
OTHER'S GUTS...

BUT THEY
WILL HATE
HATE
HATE FOR
ANY REASON...
FOR EVEN THE
COLOR OF
MAN'S **SKIN!!**





WHERE IS
EVERYONE... WHERE
IS THIS WORLD BRIBID?
WHERE ARE ALL THE
PEOPLE? HAVE YOU
BEEN LYING TO US?



I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...
THERE IS
NOTHING... NOTHING!
DAYS AGO ALL
THIS WAS
BEAUTIFUL!
NOW IT'S
JUST WASTE...
COMPLETE
WASTE!

SURE! OVER
HERE! I FOUND
ONE OF THE
SURFACE
CREATURES!



NOW... NOW I
UNDERSTAND!
THEY'VE FINALLY
DONE IT... THEY'VE
FINALLY
DONE IT!

SURE... THERE
ARE NO PEOPLE
AROUND FOR
ONE SIMPLE
REASON...
EARTH HAS
COMMITTED
SUICIDE!!

DON'T BE SO
RIDICULOUSLY
MELODRAMATIC,
BRIBID... THAT'S
IM-POSSIBLE!!
ABSOLUTELY
IM-POSSIBLE...

THERE
CAN'T HAVE
BEEN ONE OF
YOUR FAMOUS
'ATOM BOMBS'
DROPPED... WE
WOULD HAVE
HEARD IT YOU
IDiot... WE WOULD
HAVE FELT IT!
YET WE FELT
NOTHING!
THIS
MAKES NO
SENSE...
IT
DOESN'T
SEEM
REAL...



NOT REAL...
NO WONDER
IT'S NOT
REAL!! LOOK
BELOW... AT
THAT
PANEL...



IT'S NOT EARTH
THAT'S UNREAL...
IT'S US! WE'RE
NOT REAL... WE'RE
ONLY CHARACTERS
IN A STORY... IN A
MAGAZINE! THAT
GIANT THUMB
THERE... LOOK AT
IT!! THAT'S REAL
ENOUGH!!

LOOK OUT...
IT'S MOVING!
WE'LL ALL BE
SQUASHED!
RUN!

MMMPH!
HAAAAALP!
MMMPH...



CAN'T RUN ANYWHERE!
THE PANEL HAS BEEN
RIPPED OFF... IT WAS
THAT KID... THAT UGLY
LITTLE SURFACE WORLD
KID WHO WAS IN THE
CANDY STORE A MINUTE
AGO... LOOKING AT THE
BOOKS... HE MUST HAVE
RIPPED THE PAGE... WE'RE
ALL DEAD... ALL OF US...
NOWHERE TO GO...
NOWHERE TO
FLEE!!

YOU PESSIMISTIC DOT!
THERE ARE TWO PAGES
TO GO! WE MAY BE
SAVED EVEN YET!
LOOK... SEE THE
PAGE UNDERNEATH...
IT'S COMPLETE...
IT'S A PICTURE
OF US! WE MAY
BE SAVED!!

THE END



WAKE UP, ALICE DEAR! WHAT A LONG SLEEP YOU'VE HAD! IT MUST HAVE BEEN ALL THAT SHOVELLING YOU DID NEAR THE PATHO THIS AFTERNOON!



OH, I'VE HAD SUCH A CURIOUS DREAM... I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT, DEAR SISTER! LET ME TELL YOU OF IT...

AND SO ALICE TOLD HER SISTER, AS WELL AS SHE COULD REMEMBER THEM, ALL THE STRANGE ADVENTURES YOU HAVE READ! AND WHEN SHE FINISHED, HER SISTER KISSED HER AND SAID:



IT WAS A CURIOUS DREAM DEAR, BUT NOW... RUN IN AND DRINK YOUR TEA-- IT'S GETTING LATE

SO ALICE GOT UP AND RAN OFF
THINKING WHILE SHE RAN WHAT
A WONDERFUL DREAM IT HAD
BEEN! AND HOW SHOCKED ALICE
MIGHT HAVE BEEN, HAD SHE
TURNED AND SAW WHAT CRAWLED
ON THE GROUND BEHIND HER
FOOTSTEPS! WHAT A CREEPING
LURKING HORROR COMES... LIKE
A DREAM... LIKE A NIGHTMARE
... FROM BEYOND!



YOU MIGHT SMILE, DEAR READER, WELL,
GO AHEAD... HAVE A SMILE ON US!
BUT DON'T BLAME US... THAT'S JUST...
JUST THE WEIRD WAY IT WAS!

THE END

... don't make 'em or
you'll turn into
a degenerate vegetable ...



... THIS ...

... IS THE NEVER-TO-BE FORGOTTEN LIBRARY OF ...

BACK ISSUES

THE CRIME MACHINE



\$1 ... \$6.00

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CAN ANY DEAD PERSON EVER FORGET THE GUTTERS CHOKED WITH BLOOD - THE EXTREME YET NONCHALANT VIOLENCE IN THE RAW AND MAD CRIME MACHINE? PROBABLY NOT. ONLY SOMEONE WHO HAS ACTUALLY SEEN THIS MAGAZINE OF INCREDIBLY STUPID PUNKS WOULD REALIZE IT DOESN'T BELONG ON ANY BOOKSHELF BUT THAT'S OKAY. YOU CAN PUT IN YOURS IF YOU ORDER NOW!

CAN ANY LIVING PERSON FORGET THE BIKE-RIDING SUPERHERO - THE HELL-RIDER SCRIPTED BY GROTESQUE GARY FRIED. RIGHT ONLY SOMEONE WHO HAS NEVER SEEN THIS POWERFUL AND DYNAMIC CREATION WOULD DOUBT THAT THESE TWO AND ONLY TWO ISSUES ARE PRICELESS COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS WHICH HAVE GOTTA BE IN EVERY BOOKSHELF. IF THEY AREN'T IN YOURS THEY CAN BE NOW!

HELL-RIDER



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... ORDER NOW AND RECEIVE TOTALLY FREE 3 SENT, USED ONLY ONCE, SHINY METAL STAPLES WHICH WILL MAKE YOUR PSYCHO AND NIGHTMARE AND HELL-RIDER AND CRIME-MACHINE BACK ISSUES STAND-RIGHT-OUT ON YOUR LIBRARY BOOKSHELVES ...

... WHATEVER HAPPENED IN THE SKULL FOREST OF OLD EARTHY ... WHO WAS EVIL IN THE FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE OF VOODOO? ... DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE DAY THE EARTH WILL DIET ... THE TRUE COLLECTOR'S LIBRARY OF THESE MAGNIFICENT COMIC MASTERWORKS IS NOW AVAILABLE TO YOU DIRECT FROM THE PUBLISHER ... ALL COPIES ARE IN MINT CONDITION AND ARE MAILED IN A STURDY GREY MANILLA ENVELOPE MINUTES AFTER YOUR ORDER IS RECEIVED ... NO LIBRARY CAN EVER BE COMPLETE UNLESS YOU HAVE 'EM ALL ... MANY HORROR-HOOD ISSUES ARE ALREADY SOLD OUT ... AND OUR REMAINING STOCK IS DWINDLING ... BEFORE IT DWINDLES INTO TOTAL OBLIVION ORDER THE COPIES YOU DON'T HAVE NOW ... IF YOU MISS 'EM NOW ... TOMORROW YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY 10 TO 20 TIMES THE PRICE ... AND YOU'LL HAVE NO-ONE TO BLAME BUT YOURSELF ... ARE YOU A STUPID PROCRASTINATING GRETIN OR ARE YOU INTELLIGENT AND CAN ANTICIPATE THE UTTERLY GROTESQUE ALTERNATIVE TO ORDERING NOW? ... YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF YOU DON'T ORDER NOW? ... YOU WILL BEGIN TO SHUDDER A LITTLE ... THEN SLOWLY YOU WILL NOTICE YOURSELF BECOMING VERY NERVOUS ... AFTER A WHILE YOU'LL BEGIN TO HATE DAYLIGHT ... THEN NIGHTDARK ... THEN SOON YOU'LL HATE BETTING OUT OF BED AT ALL ... PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE TOTALLY BED-RIDDEN AND A HOPELESS DEGENERATE VEGETABLE ...

... DO YOU REALLY WANT THAT TO HAPPEN? DO YOU REALLY WANT TO BECOME TOTALLY BED-RIDDEN AND A HOPELESS DEGENERATE VEGETABLE?



Psycho NIGHTMARE

THE ARCHAID PUBLISHER -
SKYWARD PUBLISHING CORPORATION
18 EAST 41ST STREET, RM 1801
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

... DEAR ARCHAID PUBLISHER ... I WOULD LIKE TO COMPLETE MY COLLECTION OF YOUR ARCHAID MAGAZINES, AND HAVE SCRAMBLED AROUND IN MY POCKET, DRAINING IT OF \$_____ WHICH I'VE ENCLOSED FOR ...

NIGHTMARE #1 #2 #3 #8 #9 #10 #11
#12 #13 #14 ANNUAL WINTER SPECIAL

PSYCHO #2 #3 #4 #8 #9 #10 #11
#12 #13 #14 ANNUAL

HELL-RIDER #1 #2 CRIME-MACHINE #1 #2
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY AND ALL ELSE _____

... I ENCLOSE ALSO \$0.35 POSTAGE AND HANDLING, WHICH, UNFORTUNATELY, I REALIZE IS A NECESSARY EVIL ...



THE SWORDSMAN OF SARN



LEGEND:

I AM STEVE GRIMM OF THE PLANET EARTH, WEAPONSMAN FOR THE EMPIRE OF UNITED STAR WORLDS, BUT--I AM ALSO STEVE GRIMM, MAN OF TWO WORLDS AND MASTER SWORDSMAN OF THE PLANET SARN.

MY STORY IS A STRANGE ONE, FOR I WHO LOVE MY NATIVE EARTH, HAVE FOUND HAPPINESS AND THE LIFE OF ADVENTURE I CRAVE ON MY ADOPTED PLANET. KNOW FIRST OF ALL, THAT I AM A MAN, TRAINED SINCE CHILDHOOD IN THE USE OF ALL MANNER OF WEAPONS, BOTH MODERN AND ANCIENT--

MYNE IS A TALE OF LOVELY WOMEN AND FIGHTING MEN, OF DEAD CITIES AND STRANGE BEASTS-- AND A CIVILIZATION SMOGGED BY TIME TO A SPLENDID AGE OF DYING GLORY. MY FIRST ADVENTURE WAS IN A PLACE CALLED--

THE CITY OF LIVING LIGHT!

I WAS ON AN **EMPIRE** MISSION TO RETELQUESE-27 PLANET, WHEN AS MY ONE-MAN SPACER FLED THROUGH SPACE AND THE TIME WIPPS--- I WAS CAUGHT BY A COSMIC STORM, ONE OF THE MANY THAT HIT WITH THE FUZZ OF TEN BILLION HURRICANES! MY PLANET FLIER WAS HURLED AT SOME UNKNOWN PLANET---



... AS I STARTED BLACKING OUT, I SWITCHED ON MY **ANTI-GRAV FIELD** TO CUSHION THE IMPENDING CRASH. I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS AND WHEN NO MORE UNTIL---



A SHEET WIND BLEW ACROSS THE WASTELAND OF AN ALIEN PLANET AS I STARTED ABOUT ME---

WHERE-- WHERE AM I? WHAT-- WHAT HAPPENED?



I'M CERTAINLY NOT ON ANY OF THE **EMPIRE** WORLDS!



ON FOOT, I TROTTERED OF ACROSS THESE EMPTY BAREN PLAINS---

THERE MAY BE **INTELLIGENT** PEOPLE SOMEWHERE HERE---



...WHO CAN HELP ME!

FOR HOURS MY SERVICE BOOTS KINKED UP SAND WHILE A HOT SUN BAKED ME, AND THEN TOWARD DUSK---



A CITY! THEN THE PLANET IS **INHABITED**-- OR WAS! FROM THE LOOK, IT'S A DEAD CITY!

THE VEGETATION OF THIS PLACE IS NEW AND STRANGE TO ME. IT LOOKS LIKE A **DEAD** WORLD-- AND IF IT IS---



I HAVE NO HOPE OF FINDING THE TOOLS AND MATERIALS I'LL NEED TO REPAIR MY SPACER!

I WAS DESPERATELY THIRSTY, AND AS I CAME THROUGH THE REMAINS OF A BROKEN GATE, I HEARD THE FAINT GURGLE OF WHAT I HOPED WAS WATER...



I'M ALMOST...
DEHYDRATED!
MY TONGUE...
SWOLLEN... AND
LIPS ARE
BLISTERED!

I STAGGERED TOWARD A CURIOUSLY CARVED FOUNTAIN, IN THE BASIN OF WHICH WAS WATER...



THANK
THE FIVE
FINE GODS
OF RIGEL
FOUR!

MY CUPPED HANDS LIFTED THE PRECIOUS LIQUID TO MY LIPS. I DRANK SLOWLY, SLOWLY...



THEN... WHEN I WAS DONE DRINKING...

A FACE...
REFLECTED IN
THE POOL!



I WHIRLED... BEHELD ONLY THE DEAD STONE AND BROKEN TIMBERS OF A LONG-DEAD METROPOLIS...

NOTHING!
NOBODY!

A LOW GROWL FROM THE DARKNESS OF A BUILDING INTERIOR RAISED THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF MY NECK, THEN...

I GATHER
THAT *BEUTE* DOESN'T
LOVE VISITORS. OR
MAYBE... HE THINKS
I'D MAKE A GOOD
MEAL!



WITH A BELLOW OF UTTER FURY,
THE THING CHARGED...



I HEARD THE SOUND OF THAT CLUB AS IT DROVE AT ME...



I LEAPED UPWARD... FULLY
FIFTEEN FEET INTO THE AIR!

AND LANDED
SOME DISTANCE
AWAY...

THIS PLANET MUST
BE SMALLER
THAN EARTH BE-
CAUSE OF LESSER
GRAVITY!



I CURLED MY HUNDRED AND NINETY POUNDS OF BONE AND
MUSCLE STRAIGHT AT THAT BRUTISH CHARACTER...



MY LEFT
FIST SMUNG
WITH THE
BATTERING
POWER OF
A TRIP-
HAMMER!

THUD!

I CROUCHED OVER THE UNCONSCIOUS
FORM OF MY Foe, ALERT FOR MORE
OF HIS KIND---

TAKAK! TAKAK!

RAO--
WHO'S
THAT?

THAT SWEET VOICE HAD COME FROM A
WINDOW IN A NEARBY BUILDING, SO---

I DON'T UNDER-
STAND THE
WORDS, BUT...

--THEIR
INFLECTION
SURE SOUNDS
LIKE A CALL
FOR HELP!

I BARRLED FORWARD,
FEET CRASHING HOME---

WHEN HE
DROPS THAT
CLUB---

WOK!

...I'LL
PICK
IT UP!



WE RAN THROUGH THE DESERTBO
STREETS OF ANCIENT THUMZ...

BUT WHO
ARE THEY?
WHY ARE
THEY A
DANGER?

THEY'RE
MY PEOPLE!
THEY'VE COME
AFTER ME--
TO TAKE ME
BACK!

OUR FLIGHT WAS CUT OFF BY...

GREETING, SUANNA!
YOU WILL RE TURN
TO THAKOR WITH ME
...AT ONCE...

THERE... I SHALL
MARRY YOU AND
BECOME TYRRAN
RULER OF ALL
THAKOR!

THAB
GON!

SUBDUCE THAT MAN!
CHAIN HIM IN THE
PITS OF THUMZ!

NO! HE
REPPENDED
ME!

STAY BACK!
I-- YOUR TYRALLA
--ORDER IT!

THAB GON'S MEN
IGNORED SUANNA...
HURLED THEMSELVES
ON ME! I FOUGHT
SWAGELY...

IF ONLY
I HAD A
SWORD!

BUT SHEER NUMBERS OVERWHELMED ME!...

GHWGOGG!

GRAY

AND AS I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS, I HEARD FAINT
SOUNDS... SUANNA SOBBING AS SHE WAS
ESCORTED AWAY...

THEN
DARKNESS!

WHEN I RETURNED TO CONSCIOUSNESS, I FOUND MYSELF CHAINED TO A DAMP STONE WALL IN THE DARK DUNGEONS OF THE DEAD CITY OF THUME...



IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I DIE DOWN HERE... WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER!

AND SUANNA NEEDS MY HELP!



GRIMLY I TESTED THOSE CHAINS, AND FOUND THEM TOO STRONG EVEN FOR MY EARTHLY MUSCLES...



HOW CAN I POSSIBLY HELP SUANNA? I CAN'T EVEN HELP MYSELF!



YET... ALWAYS BEFORE HE I SAW THE FACE OF SUANNA, AS IF PLEADING WITH ME TO SAVE HER...



IF ONLY I WERE FREE!



THERE MUST BE A WAY! THERE HAS TO BE!

LET ME TRY AGAIN. MAYBE I'M CLOSE.



THESE METAL MENACLES... LIKE THE REST OF THIS DEAD CITY...

...MUST BE BRITTLE WITH AGE AND RUST! THERE!

MOMENTS LATER, I WAS FLEEING FROM THOSE PITS AS THOUGH FROM THE PLAGUE...



THEY CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN TOO MUCH OF A HEAD START. I SHOULD BE ABLE TO...



WHAT'S THAT ODD LIGHT UP AHEAD?

I SKIDDED AROUND THE CORNER... AND INTO A VAST CHAMBER IN WHICH FLARED A TALL COLUMN OF BRILLIANT BRIGHTNESS...



WHA... WHAT IN THIS STRANGE WORLD OF SWANK... IS THAT?

A THOUGHT TOUCHED MY MIND, SPoke TO ME AS WITH A VOICE...



KNOW, MAN OF ANOTHER PLANET, THAT LONG AGO I... STAYED THE ETERNAL... WAS CAUGHT BY THE GRUITY OF THIS PLANET AS I PASSED BETWEEN WORLDS...



-- FOR I AM A BEING THAT DWELLS FOREVER IN OUTER SPACE! BY THE TRICKERY OF THUNE'S SCIENTISTS, THEY MADE ME PRISONER...



FREE ME! DESTROY THE SILVER CRYSTAL THAT KEEPS ME TRAPPED HERE -- AND EARN MY GRATITUDE. LISTEN TO MY THOUGHTS... AND I SHALL TELL YOU HOW IT MAY BE DONE!



I SPOOK MYSELF, FREED OF THE PALL OF THAT AWESOME MENTAL VOICE. EVEN THOUGH I ACHED TO RESCUE SWANKA... I KNEW WHAT IT WAS TO BE A PRISONER!



AND SO I WENT THROUGH THE Labyrinthine Tunnels AS HE DIRECTED... UNTIL I CAME BEFORE A CHEST WHERE LAY A LONG SWORD OF HARVELOUS DESIGN...



WHAT A BLADE! AS A WEAPONSMAN OF THE EMPIRE... AND GALACTIC SWORD CHAMPION... I CAN ADMIRE ITS WORKMANSHIP!



AND INSIDE... -- THE WEAPONSMAN OF A LONG-DEAD RULER OF THUNE... SOON I WAS ATTACHED IN THE GARB OF A WARRIOR!

BY THE MAZELIKE CORRIDORS OF THIS MISTY OLD PALACE I CAME AT LENGTH TO THE PLACE THE IMMORTAL HAD INDICATED...



THERE IT IS---
WHERE HE SAID
IT WOULD BE



STYRICON SAID ONLY THE
METAL OF THIS BLADE
COULD DAMAGE
THAT THING!



LET'S
SEE IF
HE
SPOKE
THE
TRUTH!

MOMENTS AFTERWARD, FROM A NEARBY WINDOW, I SAW THE
ETERNAL ONE RISE UPWARD TOWARD THE STARS THAT WERE
HIS HOME...



ALMOST INSTANTLY MY ATTENTION WAS DRAWN
TO A SCENE ALMOST DIRECTLY BELOW ME---



SUANNA!
WELL, THIS
TIME I'M NOT
WEAPONLESS!

I DROPPED DOWNWARD-- FULL ONTO THE TWO WARRIORS
ON EITHER SIDE OF SUANNA---



STEVE
GRIMM!

KRAK!

IN AN INSTANT MY SWORD WAS DARTING AND THRUSTING...



THE SCOUTS OF THE WARRIORS BROUGHT THAB SON AT A RUN...



NO MAN SLAYS STEVE GRIMM, WEAPONSMAN, AT THE HERE COMMAND! I HURLED MYSELF AT MY ENEMIES AND MY BLADE MOVED DEATH FOR ITS OPPONENTS!...



NEVER HAVE I FOUGHT THAT DAY IN LONG-DEAD THWAZZ. MY SWORD DIPPED AND DROVE, AND ONE BY ONE MY FOES WENT DOWN...



...UNTIL ONLY THAB SON HIMSELF REMAINED ALIVE!...



WITH A CRY OF FURY, THAB GON HURLED HIMSELF AT ME...

SEE IF YOU CAN DO TO ME WHAT YOUR WARRIORS COULD NOT!

BUT KNOW THIS... THAT ONE OF US DIES IN THIS PLACE AND THE OTHER WALKS AWAY WITH SUANNA!



OUR STEEL RANG OUT IN THE STILL STREETS AS THOSE BLADES DARTED AND FLEW LIKE BOBBINS ON A SHUTTLE...



WITH A BLINDING DISPLAY OF SWORDS-MANSHIP, I RAN THAB GON THROUGH THE HEART...

THERE'S THE LAST OF YOUR ENEMIES, SUANNA.



SUANNA OF TIMMOKE DID NOT ANSWER. WHEN I SWUNG AROUND TO HER, I SAW THAT SHE SHIMMERED IN A STRANGE RADIANCE...



SUANNA, WHAT...?

NEXT INSTANT...

SHE'S GONE!



WHO... COULD HAVE TAKEN HER?

WHO STOLE SUANNA? AND HOW? QUESTIONS NOT FOR NOW!

...FOR ... TOMORROW!



NOT THE END. THE START...

In this ASYLUM of cryptic horror, writer **ROBERT BLOCH** is UNLEASHED upon a suspecting public . . . who come to this place expecting LUNACY and GET-IT-TWENTY-FOLD . . .

PETER CUSHING and **SARABRA PARKINE** and perpetually dry-mouthed **PATRICK MAGEE** really give us the GOING-OVER of a LIFETIME in this well-made collection of weird little tales also featuring **RICHARD TODD**, **BARRY MORSE**, **BRITT EKLAND** and **GEOFFREY BAYLDON** .

... the 4 tales lead to an inclusive climax which is brief and well-done, if a bit traditional, but it is in the last 2 minutes of this film that the audience sits up and begins to SQUIRM in its seat . . . and it is this scene that in our opinion will make this film remembered . . . one short one-minute scene that shatters your nerves and makes you CHOKE a bit . . . we'll tell you about it as we review 'FROZEN FEAR' . . . 'THE WEIRD TAILOR' . . . 'LUCY COMES TO STAY' . . . and . . . 'WANNINGS OF HORROR' . . . all in

Asylum by Alan Howatson

"Asylum"

You have nothing to lose
but your mind.



Movie miazabre scream screen review

...presents...

Asylum



... **PATRICK MAGEE** . . . who speaks with such a dry-mouth that you honestly feel he's going to DIE any second, portrays asylum-doctor **DR RUTHERFORD**, who 'plays games' with potential employees by having them GUESS who's a lunatic and who's not . . . **ROBERT BLOCH** makes sure the distinction is a very small one . . .



PETER CUSHING, who was in **NINE** horror films in 1972, plays an unspectacular part **WELL** with his usual one-moment-dignified, the next-moment-humble style for which he's famous ... In the picture, below at the left, he's protecting his dead son from harm in such a weird way you have to see it to believe it ... In other scenes filmed to test your sanity **RICHARD TODD** attacks his wife with an **AXE** **HERBERT LOM** transfers his mind into a little **MANNIKIN** which then goes and **KILLS** **ROBERT POWELL** is **CHOKED TO DEATH** by his **DOCTOR** **BARRY MORSE** gets a **GUN** shoved down his **THROAT** ... and ... **JAMES VILLIERS** rests for a few moments after someone shoves some **SCISSORS** into his **CHEST** ...





BARBARA PARKINS picks up an axe and brutally drives it inward into her own (lovely) face in one of the most powerful, vicious scenes ever filmed . . . but make-up man **ROY ASHTON** does a lousy job of portraying her afterwards, for the supposedly self-mutilated Miss Parkins still looks beautiful . . . he's not really to blame, it's **IMPOSSIBLE** to make B.P. look anything but the strikingly beautiful woman she always is!

. . . **ASYLUM** is a fast-moving, well edited collection of brutal, sadistic, weird slayings, murders and torture scenes. That's about the best way to describe Rosenberg's and Sobotzky's latest creation. These are the gentlemen who brought you **'THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD'** and **'TALES FROM THE CRYPT'** . . . some of which were well-edited collections of brutal, sadistic, weird slayings, murders and torture scenes. The author of **ASYLUM**, **ROBERT BLOCH**, wrote **PSYCHO** a while back for **ALFRED HITCHCOCK**, which was a bit deeper, a bit better written, and it probably paid Bloch better too! He does a so-so job of **dialog** but some of the things he tries to do in this film are really very unsuitable for the movie medium. He's got a little **doll** that crawls about **killing** . . . well . . . the doll looks as stupid as you imagine it would. He has 'parts of a body' attack a woman . . . an army, a leg, a torso . . . each attacks under its own mysterious animation! You can't imagine what a self-animated torso looks like till you've seen this film! It is, however, a tolerably enjoyable film if you overlook certain very foolish scenes, and one which **WE RECOMMEND YOU GO AND SEE!**



. . . in 2 weird scenes almost **TOO** weird to explain, machine figures are inflicted upon unwitting victims. **MAGIE** as butcherbird is merrily about the tribulations of directing an asylum when a motorized brand-doll snakes up behind him on a table and shoves a scalpel into the back of his neck . . . meanwhile **RICHARD TODD** as Walter-the-husband-of-a-very-deep-priestess is stuffed into an ice freezer by his wife where moments before he stuffed **HER** after **CHOPPING HER UP** and **PACKAGING HER** in several neatly wrapped **PARCELS**



... there is an excellent and moving scene in this film, one which is at once disturbing and frightening ... it occurs right at the end when the 'sinister howl' is revealed ... the camera slowly and quietly watches the outside of the miserable mansion that is the **ASYLUM** ... then it lifts as the laughter starts ... the depraved, sick, diseased laughter of a **LUNATIC**, the awful, shrieking, throbbing lunatic laughter of a **MAD-MAN** ... at this moment in the theater where we previewed **ASYLUM** with other critics, there was not a single sound ... there was a sort of a disguised, squelched **choke** from within that theater body at the sound of **DEOFFREY BAYLDON** as he **LAUGHED** and **CRYED** and **CHOKED** out a laugh on the screen that **PROZE BLOOD** ...

... our thanks to Bayldon for a **TOTALLY TERRIFYING** sound that single-handedly makes this film worth going to see ... **ENCORE** ... **ENCORE BAYLDON** ... **ENCORE** ... choke ...

... welcome to the **ASYLUM ISSUE** ... wherein we present such ignoble talents as Gary **GUAL**, Victim **VILANOVA**, Jandiced **JEFF JONES**, Grumpy **GARDNER FOX**, and every magazine misanthropic others too corrupt to mention ... this is the page of **PREDICTIONS**, **PROTESTATIONS** and **PROCASTINATIONS** ... where the **IMP OF THE PERVERSE** takes hold of your **LETTERS** and lumps 'em all together into the following obscure mass (known is the magazine business, turn-of-mind is no doubt, as 'letters pageal') ...

...This...

...is the Lunatic Page of the Asylum Issue...

... wherein we discuss the who, where, what and when of the horror-mood ... but never, never will we ever discuss the **WHY** ...

HOPE ... you're **BOTH** wrong ... **EVERYBODY** is **WRONG** ... nobody has won the free one year's subscription to **PSYCHO** yet ... so keep entering ... **HINT**: try using horror-mood type words ...

view today to: **COMICS OPINION** — the Editor — **SKYWALK PUBLISHING CORPORATION** 18 EAST 41st STREET NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017.



This is Willard and his friend Ben. Ben will do anything for Willard.

HELGA RODRIGUEZ of the Bronx writes: "... I read **NIGHTMARE** 8 and I thought it was **FANTASTIC** ... all the stories were realistic and I could easily feel myself entering in a sewer full of **BLOOD** ... when I was reading **THE TUNNELS OF HORROR** I virtually **CNDKED** ... I got that issue from your **BACK ISSUE DEPARTMENT** and I'm going to order **MORE** ... " ... back issues are being processed these days faster'n you can whistle 'Bee' ... no more delays ... satisfaction guaranteed ...

RONNIE BLAIR of Cumberland, Kentucky writes: "... **NIGHTMARE** 10, to say the least, really got me into the **HORROR-MOOD** ... I'm a new fan and this was my second issue but I'd like to say that I'm a fan for life. Or at least for the duration of my comic reading, which has so far been 8 years regularly and more than that on and off ... **WHY** after reading color comics so long I turned to yours I may never know ... I'm just glad I **OW** ... **WHERE ARE THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH?** is the best **NIGHTMARE** story I've read so far ... hope to see more great issues ...

... although the great horror-mood gargoyle contest is over as announced in the **NIGHTMARE - WINTER - SPECIAL #1** many of you continue to send in entries, which is nice y'know ... many of them deserve honorary mention ... like **RICHARD RANN'S** of Oak Park, Illinois, "... I really want one because I've always wanted to hear the pitter-patter of little feet and the flip flaps of little brittle wings around my house ... another reason is because you never know what **KIND** of gargoyle is going to come out ... it is always exciting to place **BETS** on this ... whenever I find a gargoyle egg I rush it to all my friends to place wagers on what kind of gargoyle is going to crack-out ... yea ... and this can be a lot of fun too, but, mainly it can be **PROFITABLE** ... and it's not everyday you get a gargoyle egg from the mentally unbalanced and unstable maniacs of the mood-teens ... " ... I'd like one ... writes **DOM HALES** of Verdun, Quebec, "... because they make a perfect **TOOL**. You can control an extremely bloody murder, yet the police do not classify these as **DEADLY WEAPONS**, so you can't be **ARRESTED** for carrying one around. Actually, a

... in the next **NIGHTMARE** a cat named **WILLARD** is gonna kill you ...

... and when he's **FINISHED** his pal **BEN** is gonna **EAT YOU** ...

... lots you have been sending in letters to deliver **PRIMAL SPINAL** (in Horror-Mood terms) ... nobody has got it right yet tho' **GARY ANDERSON** of Tulsa thinks it means: Primarily relating to the backbones or primal backbones; and **SHIRAZ SWANSON** of St. Paul thinks it means an injection into the bottom of the spine, or, a prime of man like the monkeys of 'the **SKULL FOREST OF OLD EARTH** but



... this is the kind of 'typical letter' we're happy to say ... at least in that more and more color comics readers are 'discovering' the black and white medium ... we're pleased to say **WELCOME** and we extend our invitation for you to **PARTICIPATE** in comic-making ... we have a feature called **'COMICS OPINION'** where-in YOU the reader, is given space on this page to reg. about the whole comic medium ... no holds barred ... write your

HUMAN-SKULL can be crushed in the same manner with a common rock, but with a **GARGOYLE EGG**, for some reason, the victim does not die right away, but rather **LIVES** for several months in **EXTREME AGONY**. Also, it looks good on a bookshelf! ...

... are you enjoying the 'shop-got' series? ... featuring tales like **THIS GROTESQUE GREEN EARTH**, **THIS ARCHAIC BREEDING GROUND**, **WHERE ARE THE**



... We ...

... is GROTESQUE GARY FRIEDRICH ...

... this guy is totally devoid of SANITY ...

His master-work **HELL-RIGER** earned him the name **GROTESQUE**; it shook the brain-pantheons around a bit, didn't it? He's coming up with more of the same weird-stuff pretty soon, as soon as we can pry him away from **MARVEL** for a few minutes, where he's dutifully working on their **'FRANKENSTEIN'** title, which in our opinion, is the best comic adaptation from a major classical work we've EVER seen ... [well, it **FIGURES** with **GROTESQUE GARY** doing the adapting] ...

... here he poses for Angelo Ali's Nikon in front of the filthy, field **MISSISSIPPI** near his home in **JACKSON**, which is rumored to be slowly sinking ...

... into the **ATLANTIC**! ...



INHABITANTS OF EARTHT, and THE SKULL FOREST OF OLD EARTH ... ?

the word **SHOGGOOTH** is from the weird vocabulary of the late **H. P. LOVECRAFT**, whose publishers are **ARKHAM HOUSE**, **SAUK CITY, WISCONSIN**, 53583 ... one of America's finest publishing houses and publisher of exclusive **LOVECRAFT**, **COLLIN WILLSON** and **AUGUST BERLITH** volumes ... drop 'em a note and ask for a publishing list of current titles ...

... a **PARAHIC POEM** from **STEVE PETERS** of Indianapolis

"... While flipping through some dusty books
Up in a long-lost tower,
I came upon a text on birds
At just the midnight hour.

It was no ordinary book
I knew at just one glance;
The creature of the air it showed
Seen put me in a trance.

... Lytle Johnson of Brooklyn dropped us this note: "... this is my first letter to any mag. editor, be it horror mag. or any other. I'm just writing to say I loved 'THE HUMAN GARGOYLE' story and I'm overjoyed to learn it's a regular feature ..."

RICHARD GRUNERT of Brown Deer, Wisconsin writes: "... I like a cover that catches the eye; then too, there should be a strong title to fit the picture. The biggest disappointment I've seen in a magazine that fails to have a story to go with the picture on the cover ... something **SKYWALK** has never been guilty of ..."

... and never will be if we have anything to say about it ...

... and thanks to **GARY JOHNSTON** who likes to see gross things in stories ... **BARBARA NIEMANN** who thought **SATAN'S CELLAR** was a great photo-feature (huh?) ...

RONNIE HARRIS who wants **HAROLD ISEN** as an artist (who?) ... **MICHAEL TOUCHARD** who wants **THE HELL-RIGER** back ... **RANDY TURNER** who wants more scientific stories and true-to-life dreams

I saw the force-aped jabberwock
That whittled through the wood.
The next page showed the Jubjub bird
Who's newer up to good.

The volume pictured hundreds more
From bats to flying coils,
But most of all, I liked to see
The boy and his gargoyle.

Those mighty beasts of story flesh
Survey the earth below ...
Their limonene eyes collect the new
Just for the **THEM** to know!

because of his **NAME** ... (he does — wait'll you see **CASANOVA** coming up soon from the mad mind of **MANIACAL MARY**) ... **JOSEPH MUZIO** wants more spacemen ... **GANNY FARRIS** who agrees with our **'XEROX AWARD REPLY 100%** ... **JAMES GIRENA** who thinks **ARCHAIC** AL threw the missing issues (from the back issues ed) out the window of the **SKYWALK** building (you're right! **GOO** ...) ... **MARY WOLFE** who stopped buying the competition when they raised the price, because

after to introduce "Prison" (you'll get one in **SCREAM NUMBER ONE**) ... **CRAIG SMITH** who doesn't want to see a 6 page magazine-book selling for \$1.00 because it would cost 2 cents a page instead of 1 cent (wow ... some of you people are really **WEIRDS**) ... **ANGEL CRUZ** who wants to see some "teeth-salers" ... **KEN CAHLBERG** who reads **E.C. Comics** (what newsstand?? ... Rush as back an answer ... quick ...) ... **LOHAN SLOOO** who wants more **SLOOO** (up!)

Their silence speaks prodigiously.
That's why I've made a search
For gargoyle eggs whose story forms
Are found up in their perch.

A gargoyle egg, when hatched could yield,
That most inspiring art,
Whose presence would, undoubtedly
Bring peace within one's self.

I've never found the egg, although,
I search I've done my best.
Those wise old beasts must know my wants;
They always **GUARD** their nestal ...

... **GREEN GUGGAN** who wants more blood ... **JOYCE GUINN** who wants us to try a love story ... **CHARLES HATLEY** who wants us to review the movie **'STANLEY'** ... **MIKE ERICKSON** who wants more nightmares ... **JOSE MENDOZA** who wants more to creep ... **COLLETTE SAKI** who wants to see **ALPHA** to everyone ... **MARU WILLIAMS** who wants a pin-up page ... (you got it ... wait'll you feast your eyes on the **CENTER-FOLD OF SCREAM ONE** ... a pull-out, pin-up, of **ZESAR** ... wow ... goah ...) ... **JOHN THOMSON** who thinks **MANIACAL MARY WOLFMAN** should work for us even if just

it's a blatant rip-off ... **RICHARD ADAMS** who reads **NIGHTMARE**, **PSYCHO** and **RICHIE RICH COMICS** ... **GEORGE McBEATH** who wonders why we don't have letters from readers in our letters page (huh??) ... **GANIEL LUGO** whose leavitts writers are **DOUD**, **FRED**, **JIM** and **AL** (uhg on earth are **JIM** and **FRED**) ... **TAMMY HARKNESS** who has trouble finding us on the newsstands in **FURNACE**, Pennsylvania (hey sandy-stone owners in **Furnace, P.A.** ... stop butting us ... we're in **OS-MANG** out there!) ... **CRYSTAL CHRISTIAN** who wants the steepest article featured ... **ARMANO SENJAMINO** who wants a char-

... and that's all people ... next issue we're unleashing a **NEW** and **GYMATIC** new 5-part series about the **ORIGINAL DRACULA** ... it's gonna be a **CLASSIC** ... miss it not ...

... keep those cards, letters, photos and weird I'll shamesee comin' in ... all of them are loved and cherished ...

-ARCHAIC-



...THIS...
...IS A **NEW HEAP...**

...THIS **MONSTROSITY** THAT RISES IN THE FILTHY **MOONLIGHT** IN THIS
UGLY AND FETID **SWAMP** IS NOT THE **HEAP** HE ONCE KNEW AND HATED.
NO... NOT **THIS** THING... **THIS** IS A **MINDLESS BEAST...**

...HE **SUNK** INTO THIS PLACE NOT LONG
AGO WHEN HE BATTLED THE **DARKOS**
WEREWOLF... AND THEY **CONTINUED**
TO DO WAR **UNDERNEATH** THESE
BROWN THICK WATERS... NOW... ONE
EMERGES... NOT **PURELY** ONE...
ONE WHO IS REALLY **BOTH...**

... HIS NAME IS **THE HEAP** - BUT HE IS GREATLY CHANGED... HE IS WITHOUT A MIND... HIS BODY HAS LOST ALL HUMAN QUALITY AND IS NOW ONLY A SOFT MUSHY LIVING PILE OF SLUDGE...



... LOOK INTO HIS EYES... DO YOU SEE REASON? OR DO YOU SEE WHAT IS REALLY THERE... NOTHING! WITHOUT A MIND... THIS BEAST IS A VICIOUS DISGRACEFUL THREAT TO ALL WHO WALK THIS SOPHISTICATED LOGICAL WORLD... FOR WHEN **THIS HEAP** STALKS... WE WILL COME TO REALIZE WHAT UTTER EVIL REALLY IS...

...THE **HEAP** AND THE WORLD SHALL SHUDDER

...DO NOT EXPECT TO HEAR THE WORDS OF THIS MONSTER...
OR LISTEN IN TO HIS THOUGHTS...HE HAS NONE...



...WHAT MAKES HIM WALK AND WALK, MILES AND MILES,
THRU THIS SWAMP TO THE GRASSY EDGES, THRU THE
LOUISIANA COTTON FIELDS AND APPROACH THIS GREAT
CITY OF NEW ORLEANS IS NOT AN ORGANIZED BRAIN...
ONLY AN INSTINCT WHICH DRIVES HIM BLINDLY
FORWARD TILL HE ACCIDENTALLY COMES UPON
THESE RAILROAD STOCK-YARDS...



...WHAT MAKES HIM RIP OUT THE THROAT OF THIS
HELPLESS STEER TIED WITHIN A CATTLE-CAR,
THEN DEVOUR HALF THE BEAST RAW...IS INSTINCT...



...WHAT MAKES HIM CRAWL INTO AN EMPTY STOCK-
CAR AND LIE DOWN UPON THE HEAPED STRAW, CLOSE
HIS EYES AND ALMOST GENTLY FALL ASLEEP IS
INSTINCT... IT HAS EATEN... NOW IT MUST SLEEP...



...AND WHEN THE TRAIN SLOWLY MOVES OUT THE SOUTH AND WEAVES ALONG THE ATLANTIC ON ITS WAY TO NEW ENGLAND TO FEED THE NORTH, THE NEAP DOES NOT STIR... FOR, WITHOUT A MIND HIS SLEEP IS NOT TROUBLED... AND HE IS IN HEAVEN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE...



...TILL THE CAR IS STOPPED IN A SIDING IN THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST CITY... SHUNTED ABOUT AS IT IS RE-ORGANIZED FOR LOADING... ONLY THEN DOES THE NEAP FOR THE FIRST TIME SEE HUMAN BEINGS...



...AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE...
KILL WITHOUT REASON...



...POLICE SHELLS COULD NOT INJURE THE **OLD HEAR**... THEY CANNOT INJURE THE **NEW HEAR**... THIS **NEW BEAST** DOES NOT IGNORE THEM THO... HE DOES NOT KNOW **WHY** THEY ARE FIRED... IN IGNORANCE AND STUPIDITY AND **FEAR**... SO WHEN HE IS **ATTACKED** HE **ATTACKS BACK**...



...WHEN HE HAS **FINISHED**... **KILLED THEM ALL**... HE STALKS OUT THE **YARDS** AND INTO THE **CITY**... HE DOES NOT KNOW WHAT HE **LOOKS FOR** IN THIS **RAMPAGE**... **PERHAPS** HE LOOKS FOR **NOTHING**...



...**FEAR** IS A FORTUNATE **EMOTION**... FOR IF THE PEOPLE HE ENCOUNTERS WERE NOT **AFRAID** OF THE **SIGHT** OF HIM THEY MIGHT **ATTACK**... HE WOULD BE FORCED TO **ACTION**... AS IT IS, IT IS A **STRANGE** CITY, THIS **NEW YORK**, AND THE PEOPLE HEREIN LET HIM **ALONE**... AND THE **HEAR** IS ALLOWED TO **WALK** THROUGH THE **STREETS** WITHOUT ANY **OPPOSITION**...

TO A MOVIE!

NO - APOLLON
ANATOMY FOR



TIMES SQUARE

MARLON BRANDON
THE GOD FATHER

A. WELLS -

MARLON BRANDON

THE GOD FATHER



... ONLY WHEN HE HEARS THE BEATING OF HELICOPTER BLADES AS HE PASSES BY THE STEPS OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY DOES HE LOSE HIS ANIMAL TEMPER AND GRAB THOSE AROUND HIM... MAYBE HE THINKS THEY CAN BE HOSTAGES... MAYBE HE *WOULD* THINK THAT... IF HE HAD A MIND TO THINK WITH...



... THE POLICE COPTER DROPS A MECHANICAL CLAMP WHICH GRIPS HIM FRANTICALLY BY THE NECK AND BEGINS TO LIFT HIM OFF THE GROUND...



... HE FIGHTS AND *STRUGGLES*... BUT THE CLAMP IS HORRIBLY AND DEEPLY IMBEDDED INTO HIS THROAT...



BUT HE IS A THING OF TREMENDOUS STRENGTH... AND HE FINALLY TEARS LOOSE THE HOUSING FROM HIS NECK... HE IS FREED... THOUSANDS OF FEET ABOVE MANHATTAN HE BEGINS TO FREE-FALL... IT IS A SITUATION ALMOST BEYOND BELIEF... BUT WHAT OUR EYES SEE IS NOT DECEIVING... DIRECTLY BELOW HIM -- *IS* --

THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!



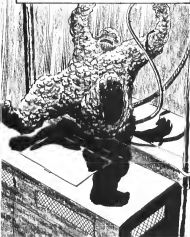
...THE ANGLE OF HIS FALL IS CRUEL... FOR HE HITS THE VERY TOP OF THIS GIANT BUILDING FULL-FORGE AND SMASHES THRU THE ROOF...



SMASHES HEAD-FIRST INTO #3 ELEVATOR SHAFT WHICH HE PUNCTURES WITH HIS DEGENERATE MASS OF FLESH...AND HE CONTINUES HIS DESCENT WITHOUT HALTING FOR A MOMENT... NOT FOR A SECOND...



...ON THE 80TH FLOOR THE ELEVATOR IS STOPPED... FULL OF PASSENGERS UNAWARE OF THEIR IMMINENT DEATH - AS THE HEAP APPROACHES THE BOX IT BEGINS TO SHUDDER, AND THE CASTLES BECOME LOOSE... THE HEAP HITS THE TOP OF THE BOX JUST AS IT BEGINS TO FALL ITSELF... AND HE DRIVES IT FASTER, AND FASTER INTO THE DEEP SHAFT...



...WHEN THE BOX AND THE SCREAMING PASSENGERS HIT BOTTOM THE IMPLOSION IS AWESOME... THE ROOF COLLAPSES INWARD AND DOWNWARD AS THE HEAP SMASHES THRU AND CRUSHES THRU THE PEOPLE...



...IT STOPPED THEM... BUT NOT HIM...

...BEHIND HIM 10 DEAD PEOPLE - 10 CRUSHED, BEATEN, BROKEN DEAD PEOPLE - BEFORE HIM THE CEMENT AND STEEL TRACAS OF THE NEW YORK SUBWAY SYSTEM TUNNELS... THE HEAP FINALLY BEGINS TO LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS... THE EARTH WHICH HE NOW SPEEDS THRU CLOSIS HIS LUNGS AND SUFFOCATES HIM...



...AND WHEN FINALLY HE IS HALTED BY THE CEMENT AND STEEL HE IS UNCONSCIOUS... ONLY THE STEADY THROBBING OF AN APPROACHING TRAIN SEEPS INTO HIS BRAIN...



...WHEN IT BEGINS LOUDER AND INCESSANT AND BURNS INTO HIS HEAD HE LIFTS HIS EYES TO SEE THE SOUND COMING AT HIM... SEE THE 2 BLARING LIGHTS COMING AT HIM... AND HE STANDS UP SLOWLY...



AND WHEN THE RUSHING BO-M-PH ENGINE HITS HIM IT TOTALLY LIFTS HIM OFF THE GROUND... DRIVES WITHOUT EVEN SHUDDERING UNDER 12 CITY BLOCKS SCREAMING ITS MECHANICAL LUNGS OUT...



...WHEN HE ENTERS THE SUBWAY STATION THE DRIVER SEES THE MONSTROBITY AFFIXED TO HIS MACHINE AND BRAKES TOO FAST... THE TRAIN ROCKS AND BUCKLES AND THE PASSENGERS ABOARD FALL ABOUT AND MANY ARE CRUSHED AND KILLED AS THEY FLY THRU THE GLASS DOORS AND WINDOWS...



...THE **HEAP** FELL FROM THE TRAIN WHEN IT STOPPED, ONTO HIS **BACK** ON THE FLOOR OF THE TRACK... HE WAS STUNNED FOR A MOMENT...



...THEN HE STRETCHED HIS GREAT ARM TO THE EDGE OF THE PLATFORM WHERE A CHILD STOOD... AND HE **PULLED HER VIOLENTLY** TO HIM...



...THE SAGA OF THE **HEAP** IS THE SAGA OF A TORTURED INHUMAN BEHEMOTH... HE HAS ALWAYS **DEFIED** THE **STUPIDITY** AND **IRRATIONAL FEARS** OF THOSE WHO WOULD ATTACK HIM... HE HAS ALWAYS ACTED ACCORDING TO WHAT HE **KNEW** WAS **RIGHT**...

...NOW... HE **KNOWS** NO SUCH THING... AND WHAT HE WILL DO IS **NOT PREDICTABLE**...

NEXT: WHEN DIES A LUNATIC... SO DIES A HEAP!

...THE CONCLUDING CHAPTER OF THE **3** CHAPTER SPECIAL!

...THIS IS MY
ASYLUM...

...BY MY USE OF THE
WORD 'MY' I MEAN I AM
THE PROPRIETOR OF THIS PLACE...
NOT THE CARETAKER OR AN INMATE
AS YOU MIGHT ELECT TO BELIEVE
FROM MY APPEARANCE... NO, I AM
THE PROPRIETOR... I *OWN*
THIS PLACE... AND THEREFORE
I FEEL I *OWN* THE
PEOPLE HEREIN...

...FOLLOW
ME... LET ME EXPLAIN
BY SHOWING YOU...

AND MAY
I SAY--

Welcome to my asylum

...THIS MAN NOW
WALKING TOWARDS US
IS THE WARDEN... OR,
AS HE IS AFFECTIONATELY
CALLED BY THE INMATES...
**RUBBER CEMENT
HEAD...**

...THIS IS
BECAUSE ALL
IDEAS FOR
REFORM BOUNCE
OFF HIS HEAD
LIKE SO MANY
CHUNKS OF
HARDENED **GLUE...**

...WORKING
SIR...

...GOOD
WORKING
WARDEN
FLUID...

FLUID IS A CREEP-- BUT EMINENTLY
QUALIFIED HE CLAIMS... I AM
RECONSIDERING HIS POSITION HERE AT
MY ASYLUM... I SOMETIMES FEEL HIS
QUALIFICATIONS WOULD BE MADE
BETTER USE OF AT A **ZOO** PERHAPS...

...ON THE **OTHER SIDE**
OF THE **BARs**...

HOWEVER... LET ME SHOW YOU
SOME OF THE INMATES...





...THOSE HEREIN ARE
INCURABLE I MIGHT ADD...AND
SO I DO NOT CATER TO SUCH
EXTRAVAGANT AMENITIES AS
GOOD FOOD, PROPER HEALTH
SERVICES, OR MEDICAL
TREATMENT OF ANY KIND...

I MEAN--
WHAT'S THE
POINT?



NOW MEET ONE OF OUR REAL
PRIZE PEOPLE...

...THIS IS
WALTER
ORTEGA...

MR. ORTEGA
CAME TO ME FROM
VENEZUELA VIA TRAMP STEAMER...
WHILE VOYAGING FROM HIS COUNTRY
TO THE UNITED STATES HE ATE
EVERYBODY ELSE ON BOARD
SHIP...



WHEN HE FIRST ARRIVED HERE HE
ATE TWO OF MY ATTENDANTS... THIS
IS WHY HE IS CHAINED TO THE WALL
LIKE THAT... SO HE WON'T EAT
ANYBODY ELSE...

...MR. ORTEGA
HAD BEEN WITH US
FOR 3 YEARS...

...HE HAS BEEN
DEAD FOR THE LAST
2 YEARS AND 343
DAYS...



AH-A SPORTS
ACTIVITY... LET US
STEP IN JUST FOR
A MINUTE TO SEE
NOW THE
BASKETBALL
GAME IS
GOING...



... These...

... Are The Collector's Special 13th Issues
of Total Horror...

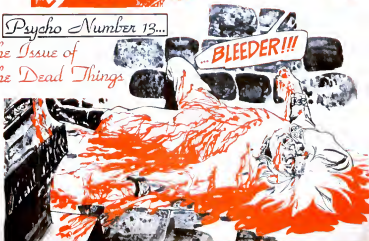
Nightmare Number 13...

The Issue of
Crumbling Horror



Psycho Number 13...

The Issue of
The Dead Things





Beware
the maniacal mind of America's master
of the comics-masochre . . .
... Archaic Al Hewetson ...

... HERE ... LEARN HOW TO
SCREAM

... HERE YOU WILL LEARN:

... THE AWFUL
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF THE THING
THAT IS
"I, SLIME" ...



... WHO IS IN
COMMAND OF
"THIS ARCHAIC
BREEDING GROUND"



... WHO THE
WEIRD AUTHOR
IS OF
"THE VAMPIRE LETTERS"



... WHY YOU
SHOULD
"BEWARE THE
DAWN'S EARLY
LIGHT" ...



... THE TRUTH
BEHIND THE
MYTHS ABOUT
TRANSYLVANIA
IN
"WEIRD COUNTS,
BLACK VAMPIRE
BATS, AND
LUNATIC HORRORS"



WE WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO

SCREAM

... Watch for **SCREAM** number one on sale shortly ... a lunatic
SKYWALK HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE by Archaic Al Hewetson, Ken Kelly, Gual,
Zesler, Duran, Cistron and Domingo - Miss it not ...